THE WESTERN LUMINARY.

"THE LAMB IS THE LIGHT THEREOF."—Rev. xxi. 23.

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For the Luminary.

REVIEW.

"*Doing good: A discourse, delivered in the village of Havana, before the Franklin and Washington Lodges—June 24, 1824, &c. &c.—By J. P. Cunningham.*" *Catawba, (Al:) pp.* 16.

Let not the reader be alarmed at the thought of a *review*. Many dull things have been said under the head of reviews: but the discourse before us is short—and we shall be short in our remarks upon it. We are glad to find in the production of one of the children of the "olden time" of Transylvania University—a time wherein those pious men, *Blythe* and *Bishop*, there taught the "young idea how to shoot," and the tender heart to love its Redeemer.—We are glad to find, we say, in the production of such an individual—so much merit. We should be glad if every reader of the Luminary had an opportunity to peruse this piece: as it is, we shall endeavor to adapt our remarks to such as may not have met with it.

The text of this sermon is—Heb: xiii, 16. "But to do good, and to communicate, forget not." In the discussion, the Reverend gentleman, by way of accomplishing the text's requirement—shews how good may be done:

1. "By promoting the temporal interests of our fellow-men."

2. "By patronizing, liberally, the cause of literature."

3. By performing one's part "in relation to the government of his country."

4. By "works of charity, or an active benevolence."

5. "By attending to the duty which we owe to the institutions of religion."

It will be perceived that the exemplifications are happy. And while we proudly recognize (for the author is our friend and brother) that he has done ample justice to these several heads of discourse; it will be our object, as we follow the track of thought pursued by the sermonizer, to arouse our readers to "do good."

As to the speaker's first head, the *promoting the temporal interests of our fellows*; it is thought that in our nation—this duty has by no means been forgotten, in the Church of Christ, and also in the Masonic fraternity. From the church we bring no examples; for the Christian's maxim is, not to "let the left hand know what the right doeth:" "But as to the fraternity of Masons, it has given us a pleasure which we wish not to conceal—to discover that the kind hand of Charity is extended to the sufferer—and that indigent beauty is re-

lieved from that want which would the more have exposed it to the wiles of the seducer."

In relation to the second topic of remark, the *patronizing of letters;* we are glad to see that they are patronized in our country, and in this state. Here particularly, we rejoice to find that the Presbyterian, and the Methodist, are resolved to erect noble institutions of learning—where their sons may drink, as deeply as they choose, of the "Pyerian Spring"—and yet not woefully swallow, the sweet perhaps, but the ruinous, poison of infidelity. The Presbyterian, from the *justice* of his country, is obtaining the control of the College at Danville; and his Methodist Brother has had *his* institution chartered, at Augusta. And both Seminaries are likely to prosper. As for Danville College especially, and of which we know the most, it will be richly endowed; will possess able professors, and all the apparatus for liberal instruction; and attended by the prayers of the pious, it will be the means of the diffusion of information and principle and Christianity, throughout the land. Not that we mean to say, or even remotely to insinuate, that all this will *not* be the case with the Methodist Seminary: But then of Danville we already said that our *knowledge* is greater—and we now avow that our *love* is greater likewise, than is our regard for any other establishment whatever. Indeed, this infant seminary—already extending benefit, already looked to from abroad, and already rising into importance—*must* be patronized! As the citizens of other states give it their money; so we Presbyterians particularly—must not withhold from it, what we can spare! For learning, conjoined with good principles, we must say, in the language of our preacher,—that "none are so blind as not to see its immense importance—that all persons of discernment must admit, that it is subservient to the best interests of men—that it is the safeguard and glory of a nation—that it is a protection of private right—that it polishes the manners, refines the heart, and liberalizes the mind—that it enlightens our religion, is favorable to personal piety, destroys bigotry, and *plants a defence around the faith of the Gospel!*"

Upon the third point presented let the speaker be heard for himself, while he offers a hint on *the part which it behoves the good man to act, in relation to his government.* And whilst the reverend speaker avows with emphasis, *Let Church and State be kept entirely distinct;* whilst he condemns the interference of "ministers of the gospel, in their official capacity, with political matters;"—it is pleasing to hear him to the following effect.

"We believe that the wickedness of man cannot be controlled—that social intercourse cannot be maintained, without the administration of a wise and efficient civil government. No body of men can exist together and flourish without subordination: it is necessary even in Heaven: there must be laws, just and wholesome laws, executed by faithful and efficient men. These I consider the essentials of a happy government—good laws, and good men to execute them. Now then let every private citizen remember, that in procuring these he has an important part to act. However humble your station in life may be; your privileges, in relation to this matter are great, and your duties imperious. A very responsible power is entrusted in your hands. An American citizen ought not to suppose that, because he is poor, illiterate or obscure—he is therefore exempted from all concern in public affairs; that he has nothing to look after but his own private business, and may leave it to the great ones of the country to manage state matters," &c. &c. "No—this were the meanest sort of vassalage. One might almost as well

be a subject of his Ottoman Majesty—as such a freeman. Every citizen of our country, be his station what it may, is required to examine the characters of the men who ask his suffrages—to see that they are men of integrity virtue and intelligence—men who shall have the fear of God before them, *and who will not bear the sword in vain.*"

Just sentiments, well expressed! The good man should recollect, when he is tempted to an over zeal, the maxim of *modus or rebus:* yet he should not shrink from duty; no, not even when his *religious profession is brought up*, to alarm him into a coward neutrality or acquiescence. He should on the other hand—think—act—think, and act, prayerfully, and with a view to duty and to God.

Of "*works and charity*," the fourth exemplification of the doctrine of our preacher's text—he next speaks with that zeal which is suitable to this part of his subject....."Wherever there is sin, says he, there must be suffering. All the world over, man is seen the subject of disease, misfortune and distress. These are the "ills that flesh is heir to." Had sin never entered into the world; there would have been no sorrow—we would have no broken hearts—no victims of poverty, disease and death".....And indeed *what need* is there for those who will follow the footsteps of Him who "went about doing good?" and which footsteps are so strongly recommended in several passages of the address. We need those who will labor for man, and those, more especially, who will labor for his sin-stained soul. We need such as will, by precept and example, bring home to sinners the word of life. And *now*, is there not a call for those who will exercise the true charities of the Bible, *now particularly* in this age of charity, as our speaker properly calls it? For many societies are now in operation for the good of the souls of men, for the conversion of the nations; and it is become fashionable (we speak of the Christian world at large) to give to those societies; and much *labor* is put in operation by their means, in their work of love.

This strain of observation, however, brings our review to the preacher's last head of remark—*the duty which we owe to the institutions of religion;* and upon which head it is quite unnecessary, we trust, to trespass upon the reader's patience.....And upon this head how much does the church need arousing! For whilst such spirits as our present federal secretary of state are distinguishing their patriotism by advocating the *colonization society;* while the same ardent philanthropy (unmixed though it be with immediate vital Christianity) which lately pleaded with so much success for South American recognition, is now about to make popular amongst our lifeless population, the cause of the subjected African whom his master would send back to his parent soil:—*who* is there, or at least, where are the *many*—amongst the professors of Jesus' faith, who are *so* enthusiastic about the church and institutions of God, and *so* desirous that these means of Heaven's diffusive mercy should be made productive of their wonted good? There are but few Champions of the Cross. Men, on the contrary, are selfish. They sleep. They must be roused: May Brother Cunningham's discourse reach, and rouse them effectually!!

Thus therefore have we followed, rather than reviewed, this worthy Orator. We have endeavored to second his views, without attempting, much, to present *them* to our readers. The discourse we would rather recommend, than extract from. The language it speaks should be looked into, at large. And by the general circulation *amongst Masons*, it is—of pieces of this description (among other valuable means,)—that good is to be done with

them—religion promoted—their happiness for eternity secured. We wish that all *Lodges* who have *sermons* preached to them, would get *Orthodox ministers of Jesus* to perform those services. In that case, would these fellow men who highly revere the *Baptist*—more *resemble him, and more resemble His Master!*

God of love, this little effort is with thee: and thou canst bless a *little*, no less than a *great*, effort in thy cause!!

From Dr. Spring's sermon.

PIOUS MOTHERS.

"View such a female as we have described, surrounded by a numerous offspring of sons and daughters, herself possessed of every domestic, intellectual, and moral accomplishment which can qualify her to interest and instruct them, and to become their object of their love and confidence, and the centre of attraction to the little world that is rising around her See her almost constantly with her children by night and by day. Her condescending tenderness promotes the habits of unrestrained familiarity. Her children feel that that they have an easier and more ready access to her ear and bosom than those of their father To their infant minds "she imparts her manners, her habits, her modes of thinking, her opinions, her prejudices, her virtues, I had almost said, her very soul itself." And during their progressive maturity, she may form them almost as she pleases. And even after they have arrived to years of independence, they feel no restraint like the wishes of a mother. That tongue of hers, in which is "the law of kindness," shall "drop as the rain, and her speech shall distil as the dew, as the small rain upon the tender herb, and as the showers upon the mown grass."

Hence a mother of this combined excellence, is apt to exert a more efficient authority over her children than the other parent. The stern government of the father, in such a family, is rarely resorted to, because her wisdom and gentleness, her wakeful discretion and unwasting patience, assume a more benignant control.—Many a youth of rash, impetuous temperament would venture to break the strong bonds of paternal discipline, while his heart would fail him in rudely bursting the cord that binds him to a mother's bosom.

"And hence it is, that the moral and religious character of children is so deeply indebted to pious mothers.—A well informed and pious mother, even when left to struggle with this responsible and arduous duty, unaided by the intelligence or piety of the father, usually accomplishes what no father can accomplish. unaided by the intelligence and piety of the mother. The faithful and devout attention of a father, is not without a powerful influence; and yet, how few are there who remember a father's care and anxiety, as the means of their conversion, compared with those who gratefully recollect the unwearied solicitude and prayerfulness of a pious mother.

"What a host of worthies, who have been the instructers of the world, and the guardians of its best interests, have dwelt with ineffable tenderness on the sacred name of *Mother*! It was the tender affection and faithful care of a pious mother, that prepared the prophet Samuel to be the minister of salvation to the church in every age. It was the piety and instruction of his grandmother Lois and his mother Eunice, that educated Timothy to be the associate of Paul in converting the nations. When I learn that the mother of Philip Doddridge, 'before he could read, taught him the history of the Old and New Testament, by the assistance of some Dutch tiles in the chimney of the room where they usually sat;' and when I am told that

'the instructions which his pious mother gave him before he was four years old, fastened an impression on the conscience of the late venerable John Newton, which cleaved to him through all his subsequent licentiousness, till he became an eminent believer and preacher of the gospel which he had despised;' I feel the weight of the sentiment, that 'though her station is subordinate, yet in a a great measure, a mother carries in her heart, and holds in her hand, the destinies of the world.' I could men tion other men, and other mothers, whose benignant influence have been felt through a long line of descendants, and whose usefulness will not be revealed till the final restitution of all things. The name of *mother* vibrates on my heart. *One* I knew of blessed memory, whose tender affection was never weary, and whose sentiments of faith and piety, often whispered in the ears of a reluctant son, that unto him who is the least of all saints, is this grace given, that he should preach the unsearchable riches of Christ."

NOBLE REVENGE.

When I was a small boy, there was a black boy in the neighbourhood, by the name of Jim Dick. Myself and a number of my play fellows were one evening collected together at our sports, and began tormenting the poor black, by calling him Negro, Blackamoor, and other degrading epithets; the poor fellow appeared excessively grieved at our conduct, and soon left us. We soon after made an appointment to go a skating in the the neighbourhood, and on the day of the appointment I had the misfortune to break my skates, and I could not go without borrowing Jim's skates. I went to him and asked him for them. O yes, John, you may have them in welcome, was his answer. When I went to return them I found Jim sitting by the fire in the kitchen, reading the Bible.—I told him I had returned his skates, and was under great obligations to him for his kindness. He looked at me as he took the skates, and with tears in his eyes, said to me, John, don't never call me blackamoor again, and immediately left the room. The words pierced my heart, and I burst into tears, and from that time resolved not to abuse a poor black in future.—*Southey.*

THE CREEKS.

Numerous articles relating to the affairs of the Creek nation have been recently published in the Georgia papers, and have been copied from them into other prints in all parts of the United States. Very little dependence can be placed on these statements.—They were derived principally from travellers through the Indian country, whose means of information must of course have been very limited, and withal they are highly coloured by the Georgians, who feel a deep personal and political interest in every thing relating to this subject. The best account which we have seen of the recent transactions in relation to M'Intosh, and of the state of feeling among the Indians, is contained in a letter from the Rev. Lee Compere, the superintendent of the Baptist mission at the Withington station, to the Editor of the Southern Intelligencer, dated May 10th, from which we make the following extracts:—*N. Y. Obs.*

"The late treaty concluded between some of the Creeks and the Commissioners of the United States, is viewed by the Indians in general as a treacherous and inhuman transaction; as it was not done with the consent of the

nation. It was signed by General M'Intosh, who, at that time, was one of the three principal chiefs, a few inferior chiefs, out of upwards of five hundred of a similar grade, some disbanded chiefs, and several persons who had not arrived at the age of discretion. The rest of the chiefs and head men refused to sign, and this they did upon principle, feeling themselves bound by their own laws, which positively forbid any person, on pain of death, to sell their land, or even to propose it. Between the time of the signing of this treaty and its ratification, the Indians were calm, yet anxious and determined. The poor creatures, confident in the benevolence and and justice of the United States, and altogether ignorant of the manner of doing business, felt persuaded that the treaty would not be ratified, because they knew it was not done with the consent of the nation.— So soon, however, as they were officially informed of its ratification, they gave themselves up to despondency, despair, and revenge, and before they left the place where they received the information, they concerted their plan for the destruction of those they considered as enemies and traitors.— This plan they put in execution on a part of the offenders a few days ago.

"The Indians, from several towns, collected together; and as their manner is, proceeded secretly till they arrived near to the General's residence, where they lay in ambush until what they deemed a suitable opportunity. About day-break the next morning they set fire to the house where the General was; then the chief, who was appointed to carry the plan into execution, called out to the white men, the women and children, to come out, as they did not intend to injure any but M'Intosh and such as were engaged in the wretched treaty. As soon as all others went out, they commenced firing on the house, and continued firing, as if they were in actual engagement, for some time. M'Intosh was seen all the time passing from one room to another; having fire-arms with him, he occasionally discharged them. At length a ball struck him; then one of the chiefs rushed in, seized him by the arm, brought him out, and inquired of him in a feeling manner, why he brought such distress upon the nation, why he wanted to ruin the women and children? He asked him further, if he did not, after the sale of the last lands, call up several chiefs, and tell them that he sold them because they were in debt to the United States, and could not pay, but that they were out of debt now, and that if any one should sell any more land he must die? To all this M'Intosh said not a word. In sullen silence he received the admonition of his country and the deathly wound.

"The effects of this treaty are seen in the countenances of almost the whole nation. Those faces which were beginning to wear a smile in the anticipation of their prosperity, being numbered with the civilized inhabitants of the earth, are now covered with gloom. They are really afflicted. They cannot be persuaded that they have been treated justly, and who can wonder at it.

"From present appearances it is difficult to say where this affair will end. The Indians say they are determined not to give up their country unless they are driven from it by the United States. But as they are sensible of their weakness, I do not believe they think of meeting the whites in arms. Should these poor creatures be compelled to go, under the influence of their present determination, what a spectacle will it present? Who could endure the sight to see a whole nation driven from their country and their lands, to a land they know nothing

about—remonstrating, as they go, against individuals whose religion is founded on love and mercy.

"It will be more than can reasonably be expected if the exertions that are now making to civilize and evangelize these poor creatures, are not seriously affected by what has taken place. Already the Indians begin to declaim against education, because those persons (or some of them) who sold their land made some pretensions to it. Some, in their gloomy moments, took their children from the school, giving no other reason than that their land was gone, and that instruction would do them no good. We have, however, some reason to hope they will shortly return. If our dependance was upon man in such a time at this, our hopes would almost fail us; but it is not; it is upon Him who governs the universe, and must do right. The dispensation seems to us dark, and we are compelled to look up unto Him who bringeth light out of darkness."

The Darien Gazette, of the 10th May, states "That the Creek Nation called a meeting of their chiefs, at which its solemnly and irrevocably resolved not to receive any part of the sum stipulated to to be paid to them by the conte feit treaty. That they *will not make war on the whites, nor shed one drop of the blood of those the United States may send to seize their land: that if they are forced to leave their houses, they will die at the corner of their fences, and manure the soil with their decaying bodies, rather than abandon the land of their fathers.*"

BAPTIST MISSIONARY SOCIETY OF MASSACHUSETTS.

Twenty Third Anniversary.

The annual meeting of this Society was held on the 25th ultimo, at half-past eight o'clock, at the First Baptist Meeting-House. The Report was read by the Secretary, Rev. DANIEL SHARP. It embodied much Missionary information, which could not fail to cheer the hearts and encourage the labours of the Society. In the places where the gospel had been published by the Missionaries, tokens of the divine presence had been manifested; and many a desolate heart in the wilderness of our country had been made glad in the salvation of God. The feet of them that published redemption through the blood of the Lamb were truly beautiful in the eyes of multitudes, and numbers were brought to rest their souls on Christ. Some striking instances of success were narrated in the journals of the Missionaries. In one district of country where were about 75 families, 150 persons had experienced a lively hope of eternal glory; and the preacher who had been the instrument of much of this blessedness, had the unspeakable satisfaction of leading his six eldest children down the banks of Jordan. Rev. J. M. Peck, the indefatigable Missionary in the States of Illinois and Missouri, was extending his useful exertions with remarkable success. He has established several Bible Societies, and 30 Sabbath Schools, in which one thousand children are receiving that instruction, which may finally issue in their eternal felicity. Mr. Peck says there is much work in his vicinity for Missionaries; and that if a man suitably qualified were sent he might obtain one half his support from the people there. "Have you," says he, "no young student, who has injured his eyes, weakened his nerves, and wasted his health by intense application, who wishes to complete his education and restore his strength by traversing our wilderness, and doing the duties of a Missionary? —No young man ought to be considered as fitted for the ministry, till he has spent one or two years in this self denying service!" *Christian Watchman.*

GROWTH IN GRACE.

I have rejoiced to see the beginning of a good and gracious work in you; and I have confidence in the Lord Jesus, that he will carry it on and complete it; and that you will be amongst the number of those who shall sing redeeming love to eternity. Therefore, fear none of the things appointed for you to suffer by the way; but gird up the loins of your mind, and hope to the end. Be not impatient, but wait humbly upon the Lord. You have one hard lesson to learn, that is, the evil of your own heart: you know something of it, but it is needful that you should know more; for the more we know of ourselves, the more we shall prize and love Jesus and his salvation. I hope what you find in yourself by daily experience will humble you, but not discourage you; humble you it should, and I believe it does. Are not you amazed sometimes that you should have so much as a hope, that poor and needy as you are, the Lord thinketh of you? But let not all you feel discourage you; for if our Physician is almighty, our disease cannot be desperate; and if he casts none out that come to him, why should you fear? Our sins are many, but his mercies are more: our sins are great, but his righteousnes is greater: we are weak, but he is power. Most of our complaints are owing to unbelief, and the remainder of a legal spirit; and these evils are not removed in a day. Wait on the Lord, and he will enable you to see more and more of the power and grace of our High Priest. The more you know him, the better you will trust him; the more you trust him, the better you will love him; the more you love him, the better you will serve him. This is God's way; you are not called to buy, but to beg; not to be strong in yourself, but in the grace that is in Christ Jesus. He is teaching you these things, and I trust he will teach you to the end Remember, the growth of a believer is not like a mushroom, but like on oak, which increases slowly indeed, but surely. Many suns, showers, and frosts, pass upon it before it comes to perfection; and in winter, when it seems dead, it is gathering strength at the root. Be humble, watchful, and diligent in the means; and endeavour to look through all, and fix your eye upon Jesus, and all shall be well. I commend you to the care of the good Shepherd, and remain, for his sake, Yours, &c.

J. NEWTON.

MAN AND ANIMAL AFFECTION.—An affecting anecdote. is related in the French papers. A young man took a dog into a boat, rowed to the centre of the Seine, and threw the animal over, with intent to drown him. The poor dog often tried to climb up the side of the boat, but his master as often pushed him back, till overbalancing himself, he fell overboard. As soon as the faithful dog saw his master in the stream he left the boat and held him above water till help arrived from the shore, and his life was saved. *N. Y. Obs.*

SLAVE TRADE.—In the 14th article of the Treaty recently concluded with Great Britain, the United Provinces of Rio de la Plata engage to co operate with his Britannic Majesty in his efforts to suppress the slave trade, and to prohibit all persons residing in the provinces, or subject to their jurisdiction, in the most efficacious manner and by the most solemn laws, from taking any part in that traffic. *Ib.*

Honourable Restitution.—The Baltimore Federal Gazette gives a list of five vessels with their cargoes, belonging to the United States, and illegally captured by Venezuelean privateers, for which principal and interest have been allowed by the Colombian government, and funds appropriated in this country for their payment.

THE LUMINARY.

LEXINGTON:
WEDNESDAY, JULY 6, 1825.

DANVILLE COLLEGE.

We are informed, that Mrs. ELIZABETH MOORE, a pious lady, lately deceased in Bourbon County, provided by will, for the emancipation of her slaves, (said to be about 40,) and that, after a few small legacies were paid, her land, which exceeded two hundred acres, and all the residue of her estate, should be transfered to the Centre College of Kentucky, at Danville. The estate, after paying the legacies, is supposed to be worth at least $5000.

FOURTH OF JULY, AND AMERICAN COLONIZATION SOCIETY.

The 4th of July was celebrated by a portion of the citizens of this town in a religious manner. According to the announcement in our last paper, Dr Blythe delivered a Sermon in the M'Chord church at 9 o'clock, A. M. The Sermon was designed, and we think well calculated, to promote the objects of the American Colonization Society. On next Lord's day morning, immediately after divine service, there will be a collection taken up in both the Presbyterian churches in this town, to aid the funds of said Society. It is hoped that the friends of humanity, will feel it their privilege as well as their duty, to contribute liberally on that occasion. The Colonization Society has for its friends and supporters, many of the most distinguished men in America, among whom we would mention our fellow citizen, the Hon. Henry Clay, one of its Vice Presidents.

LIBERTY AND SLAVERY.

In a little work now in a course of publication, entitled "Conversations of La Fayette while in the United States of America, by George W. Custis, of Arlington," we find the following observations on the subject of slavery. If our southern brethern generally entertain similar views, the day is not far distant when they will take efficient measures to deliver themselves from the evils which they so deeply deplore.—*N. Y. Observer.*

My Dear General,—You will go to the meeting of the American Colonization Society to-night in the Capitol. While you remain with us, we shall embrace every opportunity of appropriating you to all good works. This is an affair of philanthropy, and will be peculiarly interesting, inasmuch as it will call up the recollections of a great work of philanthropy, in which you were engaged some forty years ago.

Would to God, that on your return to our shores you could have seen the land of freedom untarnished by the presence of a slave. Would that you could have seen this fair country, this great and rising empire, the abode alone of freemen.

Truly striking must the contrast have been to you, between the northern and southern sections of our confederation. There, in the land of steady habits, you beheld the genuine practice of republicanism, in the morality, the industry, and independence of a people who would be the pride and ornament of any age or country. There you have beheld an unkindly surface, wrested from its na-

tural rudeness, and made to smile with plenty, by the labour and economy of a virtuous and hardy population, and fertilized by the sweat which falls from a freeman's brow. You have seen the benefits of education, the beauty of moral habits, which form the power and character of a people, elevated by all which can elevate human nature. You have said, "Can this be the nation which I left in the cradle? Can this be the country which I left hardly emerged from a wilderness? Yet such things are." You left liberty pluming her youthful pinions, just ready to take her early flight. You find hear soaring on eagle's wings, undazzled by her height, preparing to leave the favoured regions where the work is done, to skim the "cloud capt" summits of the Andes, and perch in triumph on the banner of Bolivar.

In your tour, General, new and diversified scenes await you, at every link in the very long chain of the American Confederation. You have already reached a more genial clime, a region more blessed by heaven, but from the error of our fathers, more cursed by man.

In the South, our hearths are growing cold; our doors, which have so oft flown open at the call of hospitality, have rust on their hinges; our chimneys, in which the blaze did once "run roaring up," now emit a feeble smoke, scarce enough to stain the mid-day sky. Yet generous was the day of our greatness; the social virtues dwelt in our hearts, and under our roofs the stranger always found a home. Our glory has passed away; the Ancient Dominion, the seat of talents, of patriotism, of revolutionary pride and reminiscence, is falling from her once high degree; she yields before the powerful march of sister states. which were once to her "as I to Hercules." 'Tis true, the dreams of fancy still picture the southern proprietor as reclining on beds of roses, fanned by the Houris of the Mahomedan paradise; say rather the unenviable couch of Guatimozin. The roses which bloom in slavery's clime soon "waste their sweetness on its desert air," and the paths which appear to be strewed with flowers will be found to contain full many a thorn.

But small is the stream which divides the *Mother of the States* from her now mighty offspring. For nearly two centuries had the parent being, before this "child of promise" beheld the light; but behold the march of Freedom! for where her progress is unimpeded by the trammels of slavery, her's is a giant's stride. But yesterday, and where this great community now flourishes, was a trackless forest: 'tis now enlivened by the "busy hum of men," and civilization and the arts have fixed a happy dwelling there.—The axe of the woodman rouses the echoes which have slept for ages in the silence of nature. The harvest smiles in luxuriance where wild flowers grew of late, and the hymns of praise heard from the temples of the ever-living God, succeed to the yell of the savage, the signal of despair and death.

Know you of like changes these in the land of the slave? No, my dear general, there, "like a wounded snake," improvement, prosperity, and happiness "drag their slow length along:" but give to the land liberty, and at once she puts on her seven league boots, and rushes to glory and empire.

The American Colonination Society has for its object, the removal of free persons of colour from the United States to the coast of Africa. It interferes in no wise with the rights of property, and hopes and labours for the gradual abolition of slavery, by the voluntary and gradual manumission of slaves, when the free persons of colour shall have first been trans-

ferred to their aboriginal climate and soil.

It has been but a few years since this Institution commenced its labours; it has had to encounter a host of prejudices, to overcome very many difficulties and dangers in its progress, but has happily planted its standard on the shores of Africa, and given to a much injured, much enduring people, the hopes of regeneration in the home of their fathers.

The establishment of the colony of Liberia, whether viewed as a work of philanthrpy, or a measure of sound policy, cannot fail to interest the feelings, and command the respect of the of the friends of human kind, and of all interested in the well-being and prosperity of the American confederation. To remove so foul a blot from the American character—to restore a degraded population to the climate and soil of their ancestors—to cause freemen to overspread and cultivate the land now occupied by the slave, will be to honour and aggrandize the public, and afford a brilliant example to the world.

With such views, the American Colonization Society steadily pursues it course; though slow in its progress, it hopes to excite the better feelings of those who have hitherto been its opponents, and largely to interest the people of the United States in its generous cause; and should success attend such meritorious efforts, will the page of history afford a better or brighter epoch, than the day when the American republic restores to much injured Africa the last of her sons?

La Fayette's reply.

With much pleasure, my dear sir, the General replied, will I go to the meeting of the American Colonization Society. Since my arrival in the United States, I have, indeed, beheld wonderful improvements, far beyond my most enthusiastic expectations. The benign influence of freedom has caused creations to arise, rather than improvements in this highly favoured land. The American portion of my heart, and that is no small portion of it, I can assure you, truly hails with delight, and rejoices in with sympathy, all which elevates and aggrandizes this only free government on earth.

I am well aware of the cloud of evil which overhangs and shadows the South. Some of my fondest recollections belong that genial region. It was there I first landed, a young recruit to the army of liberty, accompanied by poor General de Kalb, the same who fell gallantly fighting for her cause in the battle of Camden. It was there I received the welcome of Americans to a stranger, from many friends most of whom now sleep in their graves. I have too often experienced the kindheartedness and hospitality of the South ever to forget her.

Again, her noble devotion to the cause of liberty, her severe and manifold sufferings and sacrifices in the war of the Revolution, the untiring patriotism of her sons, the campaign of 1781, the brilliant, heroic, never to be forgotten campaigns of Greene, form features the most sublime and interesting in the character and history of the South. 'Tis true she has much to deplore, but she has much, too, to admire: she still boasts of sons the most patriotic and enlightened, the most generous and hospitable, and contains in her soil a grave the most revered.

DUELLING.

The subjoined anecdote of La Fayette, contained in a letter from New-Orleans, adds another to his many claims to our esteem and veneration. It is to be lamented, that all men, who possess influence, do not employ it as beneficially as the General has done, in the present case. If they did the

number of duels would be much diminished. *Col. Star.*

"If any thing can serve to bind us more closely to La Fayette, than what has already transpired during his eventful life, it will be the recollection of an act of disinterested kindness which his visit to this place has afforded. I will relate it. A time was appointed for all the military officers in the city to call upon the General. They assembled at the Exchange, and started from thence to the General's quarters: but unhappily, in consequence of some misunderstanding upon certain points of military etiquette, the officers of the Legion moved off without the remaining Brigade officers; this led to reproaches, insults, and *challenges*. La Fayette heard of it, and with truly paternal concern for his 'children,' immediateiy summoned all the officers of the Brigade to his quarters (yesterday,) and there, after having addressed them very affectionately for half an hour, *made them all embrace* each other, renounce all animosity, and seal their declarations in a glass of wine. This is an act of magnanimity, which ought to be recorded in letters of gold; but to those who witnessed it, it is stamped upon their minds indelibly. Three duels have thus been arrested: at 4 o'clock yesterday one was to have been fought, and it was only at half past three, that the disputants were compelled to lay down their swords."

From the New-York Observer.

EXTRACTS FROM SPEECHES AT THE RECENT ANNIVERSARIES.

Effect of the Bible in the Society Islands.

The Bible, sir, has effected a greater moral change among the inhabitants of the Society Islands, than all other means combined could have effected. Dark and terrific were their former views of death, and of a future state. They supposed the spirit, when it left the body, was in darkness, devoured by demons, not annihilated at once, but consumed by slow degrees, with most excruciating tortures. Hence they, in dying agonies, would often cry to their attendants, "there—there stand the demons, watching for my spirit. O guard its exit! O preserve it from their grasp!" Now those who die in Christ sometimes pass the swelling flood of death rejoicing in the support of their Almighty Friend, and singing of the Saviour's love. The Bible is now received with honest unsuspecting faith, as a Divine communication to mankind. Its doctrines are believed, and its precepts are rigidly observed.—*Mr. Ellis before the American Bible Society.*

Anecdotes illustrating tre regard of the Society Islanders for the Bible.

Frequently when we have proposed some measure to the people, they have inquired, "What says the word of God?" If we have answered, There is nothing directly relating to it there, yet it is according to the custom of good people, or we think it would be conducive to your comfort or to your advantage, they have answered, "This is only your opinion. Perhaps you are right, perhaps not." But I cannot recollect any proposal ever made to them with the sanction of the express declaration of Scripture, that has not been unhesitatingly received.

So highly do they prize the Scriptures, that when about to leave the islands, I wanted to procure a copy of the Gospel of Luke, to bring with me, I could not find a person that would part with one for any article I could offer in exchange.

I recollect in the island of Huaheine, a man had his house burnt, and was himself considerably injured in attempts to save his little property. He came to my house to procure some dressings for his burns. I told him I was sorry for his misfortune. True,

said he, it is some work to build a house, but though I have lost my house, I have saved my Testament, pulling it out of his bosom and exhibiting it with great satisfaction.

I have seen twenty or more canoes from distant parts of the islands drawn up on the beach near my dwelling, in which persons had arrived. Their only errand was to procure copies of the parts of the Scriptures nearly ready for distribution. One evening a canoe with five or six persons arrived at the district in which I resided. The people came up to my house, and asked me for some books. I told them that I had not any prepared that night, but that if they would come in the morning, I would give them as many as they needed. They took leave of me, and went to spend the night, as I supposed, at the house of some friend in the village. But looking out of my window early in the morning, I saw them lying on the ground outside the door. I went out and asked them if they had been there all night. They answered, Yes. I asked why they had not been to the house of some friend for a lodging. They said they were afraid that if they should go away, somebody else would come before them in the morning, and get what books I had to spare, and they should have to return without any. I called them in, and gave them as soon as I could prepare them, all they needed. They hastened to the beach, launched their light canoe, spread their small matting sail, and with a favourable breeze steered to their native isle rejoicing.—*ibid.*

A Bible and Missionary Spirit in the Society Islands.

Once a year in most of the islands, they hold a public meeting to aid in spreading the Gospel over every solitary island in the Pacifiic; and when an aged chief or venerable prince, after a speech before the assembly, has asked them, "Shall we continue our exertions, brothers, friends, that the Word of God may be sent to all lands," I have seen 1600 hands lifted up instantly to answer "yes."—*Ibid.*

Bible Societies and Sunday Schools mutually assist each other.

The friends of the Bible hail, with joy and gratitude, Sunday schools and all those institutions which are designed to prepare the rising generation to read the Word of God. These, sir, are your fellow-labourers. They prepare the soil—you sow the seed. The Bible and universal instruction ought to go hand in hand with each other. They mutually aid each other in effecting that grand moral elevation of human character which you aim to produce. Of what avail is the Bible in the hands of a person that cannot read it? and of what avail are your schools without the Bible? It may be made a subject of very serious doubt, whether universal education, without moral and religious instruction, is a blessing or a curse. It is certain, that in proportion as the intellect is improved, the capacity of crime and mischief is enlarged. Moral culture is of more importance, as respects the interests of society, and the happiness of man, than intellectual improvement. It augurs well, Sir, in regard to the virtue and piety of the coming age, when we see the Bible made the text book in parochial instruction, and occupying that place in our schools and colleges which its importance demands. In these nurseries, we trust, thousands are training who will maintain the Bible cause, and the interests of this Society, when its present patrons are gone.—*Rev. Dr. Carnahan, before the American Bible Society.*

Mr. Wolf, the Missionary.

I know not how it has appeared to others, sir, but to me the character of this man, since I first began to read of him, has been peculiarly commanding. An individual, who, though born and nursed in Judaism, declared his belief of the Christian religion at the age of

eight years—who forsook for this cause his father's house at twelve—who dared to tell the Pope "he was dust," in his own college at Rome—and who proved the Gemara "to be a lie," to the Jews of the Holy City: a man who has preached the Gospel on Mount Sinai, who is now exploring the footsteps of his father Abraham in the land of Uz—and disputing with Devil-worshippers in Bagdad, the region of Arabian romance! Oh, sir, there is a moral sublimity in such a spectacle, which must command admiration. There is not among men a more truly exalted character than the Christian missionary: Wolf, in my judgment, is one of the greatest men who has lived since the days of Paul; and Wolf, let it be remembered, is a converted Hebrew.—*Speech of Rev. Reuben Smith, before the American Jew's Society.*

From a London paper.

A DISTRESSING CASE.

Henry Newbury, a lad of 13 years, and Edward Chidley, aged 17, were committed for trial, charged with stealing a silver teapot from the house of R. H. Cocks, Esq. Grosvenor place.

There was nothing extraordinary in the case itself, but it was made peculiarly interesting by the unsophisticated distress of Newbury's father.

The poor old man, who it seems has been a soldier, and is now a journeyman pavier, refused at first to believe that his son had committed the crime imputed to him, and was very clamorous against the witnesses, but as their evidences proceeded, he himself appeard to become gradually convinced. He listened with intense anxiety to the various details—but when they were finished, he fixed his eyes in silence for a second or two upon his son, and turning to the magistrate, with his eyes swimming in tears, he exclaimed, "I have carried him many a score of miles, on my knapsack, your honor."

There was something so deeply pathetic in the tone with which this fond remonstrance was uttered by the old soldier, that every person present, even to the very jailor himself, was affected by it. "I have carried him many a score of miles on my knapsack, your honour," repeated the poor fellow, whilst he brushed away the tears from his cheek with his rough unwashed hand, and then continued: "But it is all over now—he has done—and so have I!"

The magistrate asked him something of his story.

He said he had formerly driven a stage coach in the north of Ireland, and that he had a small share in the proprietorship of the coach. About that time he married a young woman with a little property, but he failed in business, and, after enduring many troubles, he enlisted as a soldier in the 18th or royal regiment of Irish foot, and went on service with his wife and four children. Henry (the prisoner) was his second son, and his "darling pride." At the end of nine years he was discharged in this country, without a pension or a friend in the world—and coming to London, he with some trouble got employment, as a pavier, by "the gentlemen who manage the streets of Mary-le-bone."

"Two years ago, your honor," he continued, "my poor wife was wearied with the world, and she deceased from me, and I was left alone with the children, and every night I came home I washed their faces, and put them to bed, and washed their little bits of things and hanged them o' the line to dry myself—for I'd no money, your honour, and so I could not have a housekeeper to do them, you know. Well, your honour, I was as well as I could be, considering my wife was deceased from me; but some bad people came to live at the back of us and they were always striving to get Henry amongst them, and I was terribly afraid something bad would come of it, as it was but poorly I could do for 'em—and so I'd made up my mind to take all my children to Ireland. If he had only held up another week, your honour, we should have been saved. But now"—

Here the poor man looked at his boy again and wept, and when the magistrate endeavored to console him by observing, that his son would sail for Botany Bay, and probably do well there—he replied somewhat impatiently, "Aye, its fine talking, your worship—I pray to the great God he may never sail any where unless he sails with me to Ireland," and then after a moment's thought, he asked,

in the humblest tone imaginable, "Doesn't your honor think a little bit of a petition might help him?"

The magistrate replied, it possibly might, and added "if you attend his trial at Old Bailey, as eloquently in words and actions as you have done here, I think it would help him still more."

"Aye, but then you wont be there, I suppose, will you?" asked the poor fellow with that familiarity which is in some degree sanctioned by extreme distress—and when his worship replied that he should not be present, he impatiently rejoined. "Then what's the use of it! There will be nobody there who knows me—and what stranger will listen to a poor broken hearted old fellow, who can't speak for crying!"

The prisoners were now removed from the bar to be conducted to prison, and his son, who had wept incessantly all the time, called to him, "Father, father!" repeatedly, as though he wished him to follow; but the old man stood rivetted, as it were, to the spot on which he stood, with his eyes fixed on the lad: and when the door had closed upon him; he put on his hat as if unconscious where he was: and crushing it down over his eyes he began wandering about the room in a state of stupor. The officers in waiting reminded him that he should not wear his hat in the presence of the magistrate, and he instantly removed it, but he still seemed lost to every thing around him, and though one or two gentlemen present put money into his hands, he scarcely noticed it.

At length he slowly sauntered out of the office, apparently reckless of every thing.

Let every child who reads this tale of sorrow, avoid the company of the idle and the vicious; lest in an evil hour they be led to the commission of crimes which will bring down the grey hairs of their friends wish sorrow to the grave and expose their own souls to the burnings of that fire which never will be quenched, and to the gnawings of that worm which will never die!

Caution against Premature Interment.—On Saturday evening Mr. Duffie, the undertaker, was directed to attend a certain house with a hearse and carriages, to convey to the grave the body of a person who was supposed to have died at an early hour on that morning; but on his arrival at the appointed place, it was ascertained that the person was not dead.—*N. Y. Com. Adv.*

NEW-YORK, June 13.

OBITUARY.—Another bright and beautiful star has set forever! The Reverend and truly beloved JOHN SUMMERFIELD breathed his last at about eleven o'clock this morning, after a painful illnesss of about four weeks. Every one who knew him loved him, and will mourn. The christian Church will mourn And with the numerous denomination to which he was attached, and in which he shone like a meteor of heavenly light, his loss will be irreparable. He was indeed a meteor—he shot upon us in a twinkling; and shone as it were but for a moment; and sunk to rise upon the world no more. He was a native of the neighbourhood of Manchester, England, in the 26th year of his age, and the eigth of his ministry.

He has suffered much bodily pain and anguish during his illness, but while his reason was not driven from her empire, he bore it with the meekness and patience of a lamb. Not a sigh nor murmur escaped his lips, but all was calm, serene and bright, when he closed his eyes in death, as the last rays of the setting sun glancing from the west upon the mellow light of autumnal clouds! *Com. Adv.*

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DIED,

On the 3d inst. in this county, Col. WM. RUSSELL.

——On the same day, Miss SARAH CLARKE, daughter of Mr. Geo. Clarke, of this county.

——Mr. J. C. BUCKNER, of this town.

——Mr. JAMES LYLE, son of Capt. John Lyle, of this county.

POETRY.

The following lines were composed to be sung in the M'Chord's church Lexington, during divine service on the 4th of July, 1825.

Sung at the opening of the service.

God of all grace, look down and see
A nation lift its heart to thee;
Thy high behest of freedom given,
Claims from each heart, a song to heaven.

Revolving time again has brought
To mind, the day our fathers fought,
The day when God decreed our land
The shield and power of his right hand.

Lowly we bow before thy face;
Lord, give our land thy gospel's grace;
Make us the freemen of thy word,
And all our souls shall bless the Lord.

Sung at the close.

While freedom's jubilee we sing,
And call on God, our nation's king,
O may our melting pity flow
For those whose portion all, is woe.

For those who have no home to love,
Whose bread is tears, whose bosoms move,
But not with freemen's hopes or joys,
Whose ear the freemen's music cloys.

Thou friend of men, be Afric's friend;
To her dark coasts thy gospel send;
Her sable night, Lord, change to day,
And o'er her realms thy sceptre sway.

TO——

"*Faith, Hope, Charity; these three.*" 1 Cor. xii. 13—"*Joy unspeakable, and full of glory.*" 1 Peter i. 8.

There is a Faith which shall not die,
When other faith is dead;
There is a hope that will not fly
When other hopes are fled:
Such Faith and Hope are clear and bright
In sorrow's darkest, dreariest night.

There is a joy which never tires,
But cheers the soul for ever;
There is a love whose flame expires,
Oh! never, never, never:
Such Faith, and Hope, and Joy divine,
And holy Love, be thine and mine.

Evang. Mag.

THE INFANT.

Blessings attend thee, little one!
Sweet pledge of mutual love!
On this new coast a stranger thrown,
Directed from above.

A father's fondness welcomes thee;
A mother's tender care
Bears in her breast thy infancy,
On love's soft pillow there.

O may the *H*and that hither led,
For ever be thy guide:
Nor sorrows gather round thy head,
Nor dangers press thy side!

Live to reward thy parent's heart
For every kindness given;
And when earth's transient scenes depart,
Rejoice with them in heaven.

Bost. Spec.

A lady had written on a card, and placed in her garden house, on the top of an hour-glass, a beautiful and simple stanza from one of the fugitive pieces of John Clare, the rural poet. It was at the season of the year when the flowers were in their highest beauty.

"*T*o think of Summers yet to come,
*T*hat I am not to see;
*T*o think a weed is yet to bloom,
From dust that I shall be!"

*T*he next morning she found penciled on the back of the same card—

"*T*o think when heaven and earth are fled,
*A*nd times and seasons o'er;
When all that can die shall be dead,
*T*hat I must die no more!
Ah! where will then my portion be?
How shall I spend eternity?"

——:0:0:0:——

"Give me," said an infidel, to a distinguished French Divine, "your principles, and I will be a better man than yourself" "Begin," replied the believer, "with being a better man, and you will soon have my principles." The promise of our gracious Redeemer harmonizes with this sentiment: "If any man will do his will, he shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God."